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Lyrics



BY
NAPOLEON B. EDWARD

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LYRICS

PRELIMINARY POEMS

BY

NAPOLEON B. EDWARD

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TEXAS

Dear Texas I love thee;
'Cause you made and cradled me!
Here I saw the golden light;
Bred the life you bade to fight.

You taught me the little I know:
Defend the right protect the low,
Drive starvation from the door,
Aid the rich and help the poor.

Your law is just and righteous too,
Helps the Negro what to do;
Bids him on to light and name;
Raise his children up to fame.

When duty calls I will be there,
Lift the load or burden bear;
Face the foe or die for you,
Wave the flag—Red, White and Blue.

When all is over; work is done;
When I am gone; just begun;
Then bury me with Sainted blessed,
Let me sleep in Texas-breast.

THE WASHERWOMAN

Ho! Mistress of the iron ship!
Thou's braved so many weary storms;
And fed the tiny, hungry, nip;
And born the humble inmates on.

O'er thousand ruffled seas you've sail'd;
Your ship a swinging to and fro;
But to the rudder thou wert nail'd;
And steer'd the ship to yonder shore.

The Miss's the Washerwoman pert;
The ship's the smoothing furnace-i'on
The sea's the bosom of a shirt;
The freight's the children and the scion

Sail on. Sail on, an' on an' on;
And hold the rudder of the ship!
We'll crown and honor that right arm;
And praise thy name with singing lip!

THE GARDEN OF EARTH

This world's a garden all must work,
No place for sluggards and the shirk.
Rich harvests summon me and you;
To gather grain in sun or dew.

The days are diamonds; duties crown;
The way is work, and can be found.
O! men of steel and hearts true!
The world will laugh because of you.

Be right. Live right is duty's cry;
The wrong must flee the earth and sky.
Go out and test yourself and live;
With bird and beast and human ill.

And help thy brother up the way;
Till he can see a brighter day.
The sick need alms and roses white;
A love to love them night by night.

By deeds not words lets win our way;
Lets do and do and do all day;
The night will bring you rest and pay;
The morning bring a golden ray.

By honest sweat your bread is earn'd,
And honest work should not be spurn'd;
It gives you strength and health and prize;
It aids the poor to swiftly rise.

HOPE

When hope takes wings from human breast,
There's doubts and fears and nothing less.
Remorse and sorrow take its place,
And truth and justice is effaced.

Come hope! Come faith! Twin Angels of the Just:
Abide with me and all the wrong adjust.

Then will I sing sweet songs unsung;
Great things begun; new battles won.
The world be good and pure and true;
Because I live and trust in you.

Sing on! Sing on! Sing freedom; patience, sing!
The dead have died with thee; will rise the same.

'Tis you hath made America great;
'Tis you who did our pathway make;
That duty, truth, and right be done,
To blaze the way for those not born.

Live on! Live on! Sweet hope, live on and give;
A home in Heaven where no tears, no sorrows live!

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CHRISTIANITY

What's Religion any way;
What's the shout and cry about?
'Tis the plan that Jesus laid;
And the love of right lived out.

It's the song of angels singing:
"Glory to the Lamb on High;"
And the heart of christian praying,
Saying: "Jesus, please come nigh."

'Tis His grace in mercy given,
To a dark and sinful soul;
'Tis the wrong in us forbidden;
And the truths the prophets told.

It's the gospel's trembling voice;
Preaching: "Lord the Crucified"
Its the chancel's fervent choice;
Singing: "Jesus Glorified."

CRISPUS ATTUCKS

America, my native-land, to thee—

Who was the first to shed his sacred blood;
That you and me and babes unborn be free;
And tread the seas; oppression's angry flood?

Attucks will be a glorious household song;

That we may spurn and smite the wrong 'oground;
To do and dare to lead the righteous on;
To build a throne and give the just a crown.

To-day your flag and fame are floating high;

You might and men are known throughout the land;
Attucks was first to fight and fall and die;
To right the wrong and stay the British hand.

On Boston Common's bloody freedom-stain;

A martyr's blood is crying from the earth;
And singing on in song of Angel strain:
“Attucks was first to die—the Nation's birth”!

JESUS

Who was he in Bethlehem;
Who was born in stable-Inn?
What was he in swad'ling clothes;
Who was there when star arose?
 Jesus!

Who was he the wise men sought;
Who was he that Herod fought?
What was that the spirit thrill;
Who took flight to Egypt-hill?
 Jesus!

Who is he who cures the blind;
Raise the dead by love divine?
Who is he the Prophet told;
Healed the sore and sin-sick soul?
 Jesus!

Who was hung on Calvary;
Who is he who died for me?
Who gave life to life to save;
Who rose triumphant from the grave?
 Jesus!

Who is True and Just and Right;
What is day of sinner-night?
Who is Lord'and King of me;
Who gave life eternity?
 Jesus!

YOUTH

Youth is the bur of the oak made strong;
It is the hope of the living gone.
Youth is the morning of life begun;
It is a ray of a setting sun.

It is a flag of a soldier dead;
Youth is the beauty of roses red;
It is the store-house of ages past;
Youth is the hope in a stormy blast.

Youth is the coo of a cooing dove,
Rocking the cradle of mother-love.
Youth is the flower of honey bees;
It is the baby on papa-knees.

Youth is the link of the races on;
Making the chain of the nation strong.
Youth is the joy of the home of old,
Making a fire in the heart of the cold.

THE MOON

The moon's aglow with heay'nly light;
Is hung midst stars to rule the night;
The darkness flees its count'nance fair;
And sin and shame will seek a lair.

And looking down on worlds of men;
It bids them live without a sin;
When worlds are dead in sleep at night;
It ceases not to keep the light.

Its golden globe among the stars;
Is joy to Earth and whirling Mars;
It leads the trav'ller on his way;
And keeps the watch till peep of day.

And then the moon is lost awhile,
Behind the rays—a sunny smile,
That rules the day at His command;
And works the work Jehovah plann'd.

FRIENDS

The hand of death may strike your home;
The day may bring no bread within;
And night may find no place to roam;
But, nothing hurts you, like a harmful friend.

The thief may rob you of your gold;
The wrong may take you from your kin;
And fires may leave you in the cold;
But, nothing robs you, like a roguish friend.

The good may turn you from the door;
The rich may have no loan to lend;
And time may find you sad and poor;
But, nothing grieves, you like a grievous friend.

The birds may sing you songs of glee;
The jay may duet with the wren;
And thrush may solo sweet to thee;
But, nothing chimes you, like a cheerful friend.

The vines may race around your fence;
The rose may poke its head within;
And nosegays nose you sweet essence;
But, nothing does you, like a Darling Friend!

HEROES O' ALAMO

Heroes of the Sacred Alamo—
Bowie, Travis, Crockett, evermore!
Death and dead, thy blood shall never claim;
Wrong can never break a Freedom-chain.

Hid in clefts of mine, your lives are hid;
Struggling, Pressing onward, as you bid.
Holy Ashes, Incense of Liberty,
Rest in Peace; inspire the just and free!

Bowie's deed shall never be forgot,
Striking wrong on freedom's bleeding cot.
Vain, your blood is never vainly shed;
Kindling hope in hearts, where faith is fled.

Bright, you stars in Heaven shall e'er shine,
Lighting paths for feet, in fear declined.
Statesmen, soldiers, martyrs, live forever;
Rest in precious peace beyond the River!

WE

We are bees in a big busy hive:
Just a humming and harping along;
We are hunting a living in life;
And for loving Dear Wife a sweet song.

We are clouds that we see in the sky;
Just a rolling and turning about;
At one time we are huddl'd; 'nother would fly;
And we run on our way like a scout.

We are like the swift winds that we hear;
We are changing our course and our maps;
We are placidly calm; shedding tear;
An we rush on our journey 'tween naps.

We are like a tuberose over grown;
That is proud of its glory, renown;
We would keep and hold ever our own;
And make truth and beauty a crown.

SLAVERY'S FLIGHT

Slav'ry days are gone for ever;
Freedom reigns through-out the land;
Ma and Pa can live to-gether;
Sam and Sue can play and plan.

Bloody tears and bleeding back,
Left to far and distant shore;
Love and law and weapon stack,
Bind and keep them from the poor.

Aching hearts and cruel scars;
Gone to die in Forgetfulness;
Freedom's reaching to the stars;
God is making slav'ry blessed.

Muzzled mouth and blinded soul,
Went to live in Tarryville;
God His righteous bosom folds,
Human scars and human ill.

Babe can ever stay with mother;
None will dare to make them part.
Son can rest in peace with brother;
Sores are leaving slav'ry's heart.

White and black should live in peace;
Let the past be ever gone;
Black should ev'ry duty meet;
Tread the paths of glory on.

PADDLE ON

In this strange and changing world,
Things will not go right always;
Times will find you in a whirl;
There'll be awful cloudy days.

Friends will change without a cause;
Love will fade and turn around;
Enemies will pick their flaws;
Oft you'll flat be on the ground.

Birds will never sing for ever;
Music cease sometimes to play;
Conditions will change the weather;
Night is long in turning day.

Though the days may linger long;
Though the clouds may hover low;
Keep your heart a happy song;
Paddle on to yonder shore.

BOOKER T

When the Bell of Freedom spoke;
Four million chains were broke;
None to lead the colored folk;
None to wear the galling yoke.

Time was sad and terrified;
Nights were tears with fratricide;
Days were dark with cannon smoke;
None to lead the colored folk.

Douglas rose with lion strength;
Spent his life till all was rent.
Clouds were slowly passing way;
Freedom saw a better day.

Booker T. of Tuskegee -
Aaron-mouth and Moses-reed -
Made the way and took the yoke.
One to lead the colored folk.

THE CALL

Like the thrills of the bugles of war,
That are calling the brave to the front;
He is calling us, men, not to mar;
But the evil and wrong an affront.

Let us buckle our swords and our shields;
We must step by the rap of the drum;
There are vices intrenched in the fields;
There is work for our King, not begun.

With our hearts that are earnest and true;
With our lives that are happy and right;
And our souls that are noble and pure;
There'll be God and His Host in our fight.

Though the smoke of the strife hover long;
And the song of the battle cry last;
Let us face to the right and march on;
Let us answer the King and His blast!

THE POOR

From early morn till late at night,
In tasks of very little pay,
The poor is making strenuous fight,
For love and life the coming day.

Their all's the strength that God has giv'n;
Their sweat's the bread that's daily earn'd;
Through hardships, tears, and hunger striv'n;
They sing the song of trials learn'd.

Has love for poor forever gone?
How long shall they be wrongly press'd?
How long shall they be driy'n along,
To feed the world, with soul oppress'd?

There's millions locked in idle vaults,
And thousands beg for daily bread,
Who would their lives aright exalt,
Were not the cruel, miser dread.

The cold and careless heart of greed,
Ignores the suff'ring of the low,
And fails to hear the crying need,
And turns his back upon the poor.

The poor must have a chance to live,
And find a happy living wage;
And then the wrong He will forgive;
And all will love and peace engage.

LINCOLN

Lincoln, freedom's solid, storm-toss'd oak,
Time will never dim thy cherished hope;
Ages yet unborn will honor thee;
Worlds comminne thy precious liberty.

Gazing on your stern and rugged brow,
Fills me with love and lion power;
Freedom's roots sink deeper in my soul,
Playing foul and fear a thousand-fold.

Wrong can never rob thy golden fruit;
Winds will ever play thee loving lute;
Singing birds will sing you day by day;
Angels guard and haunt thy house of clay.

Peeping in your sad and weary eye,
Lifts me up and bids me wings to fly;
Dancing days will praise thy righteous name;
Years will shout thy everlasting fame!

RED ROSE

Red Rose, thy ruddy lips, Enchanting Miss:
I'll climb the wall and steal a sugar kiss;
Just let me nose your sweet anointed breath;
The honey bee has just had one and left.

I love to see you bow and twist your head;
To laugh and nod and rock the bugs to bed;
I sure would like to woo and be with you;
To have you come and stay a day or two.

Just take that golden throne and queen the room;
I love to sniff and snuff your sweet perfume;
Red lips make me want a honey moon—
O! I must go or be your tempted groom!

MEXICO

What's the matter Mexico;
Quar'ling, plund'ring, murd'ring so?
Hills are rich in silver mines;
Valleys fertile; soil refined.

All this kingly country need;
Men for right; deyelop thee;
Learning, patience, Jesus Christ;
Learn to labor; not to fight.

What's the cause and what's at stake?
Stack arms! Farm and irrigate!
Bo'ie-knives: peaceful scabbots find;
Tomahawks must e'er decline!

Rise in peace of glorious might;
Learn to labor; not to fight;
Let your trouble e'er be o'er;
Leave my Uncle Samuel's door!

DEAR

O! My Dear, my big heart is on fire,
With the flame that you lighted your way;
It's the love, and the passion, the ire,
That's aburning me, Dear, night and day.

In the morn when I rise I see you.
In the bud and the bloom and blue sky;
It is you everywhere; in the dew—
O, I ache and I pine for you, my!

There is joy, not for me, when you go:
And the birds and the bees lose their song;
Everything in this world here, below;
Is a menace to me, going wrong.

Yes, my soul is a pining away:
There is left for Your Own, only grief;
Let the Queen of My Life bring a ray;
And the pain of my heart a relief.

ON AN' UP

Though hideous monsters,
Face me like mountains, high;
I'll go on; I'll not fear;
I will have wings to fly.

Yet the sun may not smile,
In yonder fitful way;
I'll sing on; I'll not doubt;
He'll soon turn night to day.

Though Dearie may seem cold,
And I may weary be;
I'll laugh on; I'll be sweet;
He'll love and be with me.

World, buff me, and knock me,
Tumble me to the ground;
I'll get up; I'll not fail;
I'll soon wear golden crown!

LIFE

Life is not a CROWN of flowers;
Thorns will CROSS the golden hours

Life is weeping, mourning, sighing;
And is joking, laughing, crying.

'Tis the foe, against the wrong;
And a ship, out in the storm.

Life is trial, temptation on;
Life is victory, just begun.

'Tis the struggle of hemispheres;
And a drip, of briny tears.

Life's the soul, swung out to God;
'Tis the paths, the Angels trod.

MIRTH

It's sweet to meet a laughing eye,
And gaze upon the stary sky;
I like to take a roguish peep,
At twinkling stars: blue ocean deep.

I love to meet a heart that's warm:
And lay my head in baby's arm:
I like to meet a smile that's glad:
That springs the joy and smothers sad.

Sorrow, Farewell! Hatred, Good-by!
Among the clovers, let me lie!
And let me kiss a morning-glory;
And listen to its laughing story!

Just let the winds go fid'ling by;
And humming birds: just let them fly;
They bring me mirth from yonder sky---
Among the daisies, let me lie!

CRISIS

Why yonder mountain flame,
And roar and smoke,
And grave the town and fame
And living folk?

There's sin on earth, our way,
In awe, despair;
There's gloom and dread to-day—
A crisis there!

Why days are dark at noon,
And people weep,
And nights still sad—no moon,
No time to sleep?

The sun in crape at noon,
And hid from eyes,
Moans trouble now, or soon—
O, stormy skies!

Why hear the bugle call
To face the foe,
And scepters break and fall
On mundane shore?

There's war against the wrong
So wild and rife,
To mold more true and strong,
The Nation's life!

ONE

(ME AND SOPHOMORES)
1913.

Let days grow chill and cold,
And nights be sad,
Your smile, like times of old,
Will make me glad.

Let bluebells lose their charm,
And Spring be past,
My love will still be warm,
And ever last.

When bent and worn with years,
In olden days,
Your care will dry my tears,
And light my ways.

When long unbroken sleep,
Shall seal my eyes,
Your love I'll ever keep,
Beyond the skys!

PROWLER

On the street of the city in lobby and den,
There the prowler is found every hour of the day,
With no pride in his heart and no money to spend,
Just a lolling and laughing the moments away.

Every sky may be blue for the good and the true;
Opportunities chanting a welcoming song,
With a sanctified look, feigning nothing to do:
He will idle around and give labor a scorn.

In the eve when the honest and just are in bed.
After prayer and kiss of the mother are o'er,
It is then, that he dares upon things in his head:
That he's sneaking and creeping around the back-door!

In the hush of the night, when the moon is asleep:
He is prowling, and filching, the home, and the dead;
Then he leaps in the dark, in a stealthily sweep,
Leaving nothing to trail, but the dent of his tread!

BUTTERFLY

In a robe of purple,
And of crimson and gold,
Is the Queen of flowers,
In a dance on the hill;
Just a flitting about,
From poppy to mar'gold;
For tribute of nectar,
And a drink to the fill.

Golden wings are the harps,
That are played by the wind,
As she flits here and there,
Just a poking her bill;
The music is the glee,
Of the fairies that grin;
Just tickling violets,
And the gay daffodil.

Her kingdom's the Flora,
Enchanting, to the view;
The scepter's her beauty,
Charming Carls and Carlines;
Witching imps and the nymphs,
And the babe thru and thru;
Enrapturing us all,
In myriads of dreams!

CRAPS

There Sam and Ike and Pete and Rice.

Four dudes around, about the town,
Would win and lose a shooting dice,
And give a job a scornful frown.

On bended knees the four would squat,

Around a ring with anxious grin,
And cast a dice to win first shot,
And then the game and groan begin:

"Ho, Sev'n! Ha, Lev'n"! 'Twas Sambo's shots—

"Just fade me, Rice. Bar eight, Aha!
Ho, A—da, Ha! Roll eight, you spots"—
The black-eyed colts pitched eight—"Ha—ah"!

All night, they rattl'd and roll'd the bones,

Just over barely fifteen cents,
And neither cared for law, or homes.
Until Policemen leaped the fence.

Then "Oh, Look Out," said Pete. "Cops, Ike"!

And through windows and out the door,
Policemen chasing down the pike,
The scrappy, crappy, idle four!

STORM

The morning sun rose red,
 One day,
When we were up from bed
 To pray,
That He might love and keep
 Us on,
And bid the wo and weep
 Begone.

And then before each one
 Could go,
About his work, not done,
 Out door,
A roar like dragons spoke
 In tones,
That shook and scared the folk
 To moans!

The sun had veiled its face
 From sight,
And clouds were in a race,
 In flight,
When, lo! a mighty storm
 With rain—
A whirling wind came on
 The plain!

This spiral demon, hell,
 The storm,
Took all, but few to tell,
 Right on,
And build more firm than they,
 Swept way,
And live the lives that pay,
 Each day!

MURDER

“Thou shalt not kill,”
Was handed down on stone,
From Sinai-Hill.
The blood of man, let 'lone!

He will be Cain,
Who takes another's life
In anger, vain.
And crapes the babe and wife!

You, stained with blood
Of neighbor, sire, or kin,
Ne'er, cross the flood,
But shall in HELL liye in!

O, drear, and dread,
Will be thy dismal plight:
No stars o'erhead;
One dark eternal night!

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